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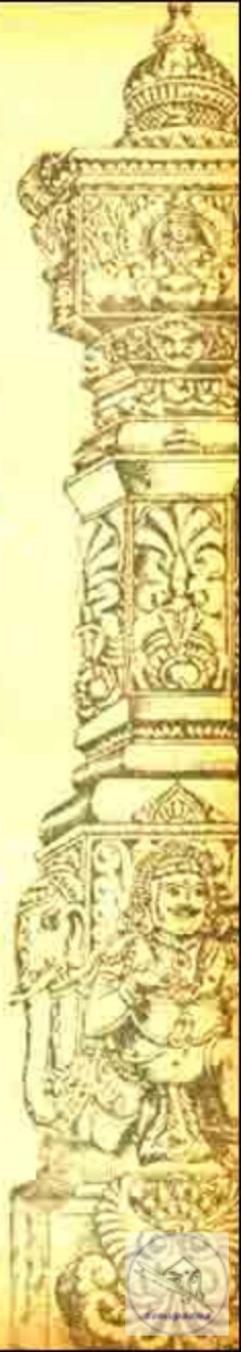
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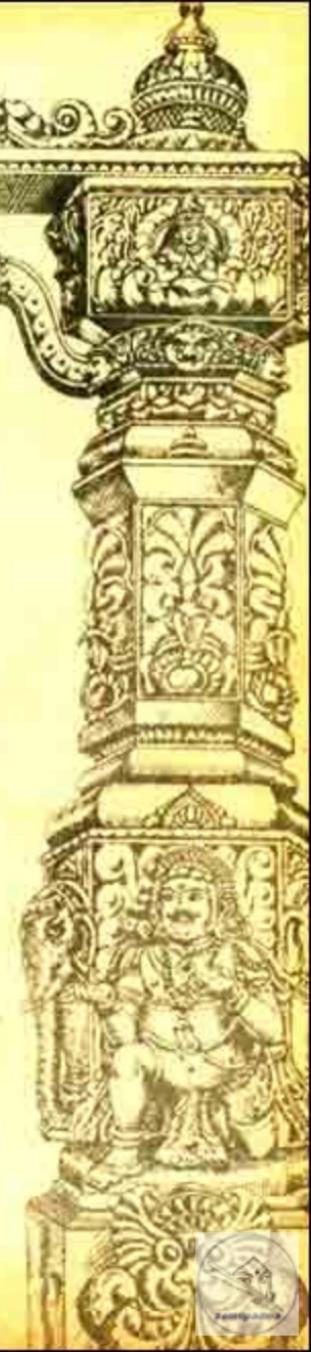
SMILES—FOR MILES

"Once in seven years I burn all my sermons; for it is a shame if I cannot write better sermons now than I did seven years ago," said John Wesley.

Your magazine, which has completed seven years and is stepping into a new year of life with this issue, has certainly much to reflect on Wesley's thought. Of course, your magazine won't have to undo what it has done during the past seven years, but it must look forward to doing better.

You, dear readers, who have found in this magazine a faithful companion, have no doubt observed how the magazine has always striven to amuse you, inform you, and entertain you—all in a decent and creative way. Your enthusiasm has been its inspiration. The way it has covered during the seven years has not been a way strewn with rose-petals. But that is a different story; Chandamama does not wish to burden your heart with a list of its pains. Please continue to smile. Your smiles can carry us on for miles and miles.

And from time to time send word to your magazine—about the story or feature you liked most or the sort of article you think you would like.





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

पातेन कन्दुक इवोत्पत्तत्वायः पतम्भिः ।

तथा त्वनायः पतति मृत्युपदापतनं यथा ॥

*Pātena kanduka ivotpattatyāryah patannapi
Tathā tvanāryah patati mṛtiyupadāpatanam yathā.*

A worthy man might fall, but he rebounds like a ball.

But when an unworthy man falls, he lies like a lump of mud.

The Subhasitavalih

पिबन्ति नद्यः स्वयमेव नाम्नः स्वयं न जावन्ति फलानि शुद्धाः ।

नादन्ति जास्यं जलु वारिकाहुः परोपकाराय सती विभूतयः ॥

Pibanti nadyah swayameva nāmbhaḥ swayam na khādanti phalāni vrkṣāḥ

Nādanti īasyam khalu vāriodhāḥ paropakārāya satīm vibhūtayah.

The rivers do not drink their own water or the trees do not eat their own fruits; nor do the clouds eat the crop nurtured by them. The resources of the noble too are meant for the well-being of others.

The Samayochita Padyamalika

पूर्वे वयसि यः शान्तः स शान्त इति मे मतिः ।

धातुषु क्षीयमानेषु शमः कस्य न जायते ॥

Pūrve vayasi yaḥ śāntaḥ sa śānta iti me matiḥ

Dhātuṣu kṣīyamāneṣu śamaḥ kasya na jāyate.

He is really quiet-natured who shows quietude in his youth.

Who does not appear quiet when, with age, the vitality declines?

The Panchatantram



DADHICHI'S SACRIFICE

Viswakarma, whose son had been killed by Indra, the king of gods, once performed a yajna. With great agony he invoked a terrible being who would avenge his son's death. Thus, out of the yajna emerged Vrittasura.



Vrittasura promised to fulfil Viswakarma's desire. He sat in meditation for a hundred years in order to invoke the Grace of Brahma.



Indra and other gods spied upon Vrittasura. They realised that once he gets Brahma's boon, it will be impossible to defeat him. They decided to foil his askesis.





Accordingly they sent some nymphs to distract Vrittasura from his concentration. The nymphs danced and sang, but in vain. Vrittasura did not even look at them.

At last Brahma was pleased to appear before Vrittasura and offer him a boon. "Grant that I cannot be killed either during day or at night, and by no weapon made of wood, or any metal nor by fire," pleaded Vrittasura.

"Let it be so," said Brahma.



With great fury, Vrittasura attacked the gods. He was assisted by several demons who always nursed grudge against the gods. The battle continued for a long time.

The gods were no match for Vrittasura. One by one they retreated. Even Indra's thunder proved fruitless. Indra alone continued fighting till Vrittasura captured him and swallowed him up.



The defeated gods, losing their king to the enemy, appeared before Brihaspati, their guru, and informed him of their plight. Brihaspati, with his power, created the being of yawning.

The being of yawning went and entered the person of Vrittasura. As a result Vrittasura yawned. As he did so, Indra flew out of his mouth.

That was the beginning of yawning.





The gods learnt that no wood or metal weapon or fire can destroy Vrittasura. Only if the sacred bone of a yogi can be used as weapon, the goal will be achieved. Such a yogi was Dadhichi. Indra met him and told him everything.

Dadhichi was not well disposed towards Indra. But he knew that Vrittasura will prove a great menace not only for the gods but also for men. He lay in trance and left the body.



Thus did the yogi sacrifice his sacred body for the welfare of others.

Indra made a thunder out of his bone and applied it on Vrittasura neither during day nor at night, but at the twilight. Only then Vrittasura was killed.

Dadhichi remains immortal for his noble sacrifice.





THE RED LEMON

Long, long ago, in a certain village lived three young friends.

Did I say friends? Sorry, they were companions and playmates. How could Ravi, a poor widow's son, be a friend to Shekhar, the landlord's son, and Jeevan, the merchant's son?

Ravi had a small orchard. He and his mother worked hard and raised a choice variety of fruits and sold them in the market. Once they had a bigger orchard and they were prosperous. But that was when Ravi was an infant. The merchant and the landlord conspired against Ravi's father and deprived him of his land.

Ravi's father was heart-broken. On his death-bed he told his wife, "I will reincarnate as a lemon tree. The day Ravi will

ask you how to get a red lemon, ask him to go west and cross the river. Let him then reach the other side of the hill. There, in a corner of the valley, he will find my spirit changed into the tree."

It so happened that one day the royal heralds passed through the village telling the people that the princess had fallen sick. No physician was able to cure her. However, a great sage has said that she would recover only if treated to a red lemon. Lemons galore grew in the royal orchard. They were green, pale white, yellow and yellowish, but not red. If anybody could gather a red lemon, he was sure to get the princess as his wife and half of the kingdom as reward.





Ravi came running to his mother and asked, "Mother! Can you tell me how to get a red lemon?"

"I can, my son," replied the mother. Then she told Ravi where to get it and how to go there.

Shekhar and Jeevan had come to call Ravi for playing a certain game. As they would step in, they overheard the conversation. They turned back without calling Ravi.

"I think, as the landlord's son, I am entitled to win the hand of the princess," said Shekhar.

"You think so, do you? I think I am in a better position

to claim the princess!" retorted Jeevan and he added, "In any case, dear fellow, the prize will be his who can fetch the red lemon first, isn't that so? Haha!"

Jeevan had every reason to laugh, for, he had an excellent horse whereas all Shekhar had to carry him was an ass. However, both set out immediately in quest of the red lemon.

Needless to say, Jeevan soon left Shekhar far behind. He galloped as fast as he could in the western direction and left the horse on the river-bank and swum across the river and soon stood on the other side of the hill. He looked for the red lemon tree and found it all right. He plucked a lemon and put it in a small bag and proceeded to meet the king.

In front of a roadside hut sat an old woman.

"What are you carrying, my son?" she asked.

Jeevan did not relish being addressed as son by a poor old woman now that he was sure to be the ruler over half of the kingdom.

"I am carrying a frog, you wretched woman!" he blurted out and galloped away.

"If it is a frog, let it be a frog," muttered the woman.



Soon Jeevan reached the king's castle and announced that he had brought the red lemon.

"Let us see it!" said the eager king.

Jeevan crouched before the king and proudly opened the bag. Instantly an ugly frog hopped out.

"A frog! A frog! Conspiracy to kill the king with a frog!" screamed the minister and all the courtiers joined him.

"How dare you show me a frog!" shouted the king. The royal bodyguards took hold of Jeevan and dragged him away and threw him into the gaol.

In the meanwhile Shekhar too had found out the red lemon tree. He hoped that Jeevan had failed to locate it. While he was on his way to the castle with a lemon in his bag, the old woman by the side of the road asked him, "What are you carrying, my son?"

"What, if not a rat!" replied Shekhar haughtily.

"If it is a rat, let it be a rat!" muttered the woman.

And when Shekhar bowed to the king and opened his bag, what should leap out of it but a squeaking rat!

"A rat! A rat! Conspiracy to kill the king with a rat!!"



screamed the minister and all the courtiers joined him. The royal bodyguards pounced upon Shekahr and pulled him into the gaol.

While all this was happening to Jeevan and Shekhar, Ravi was still on his way to the valley. He set out late because his mother had detained him, giving him the secret which alone could bring success to his adventure: "You must go with a heart full of goodwill for all and return with the same spirit!"

So, Ravi walked with a heart full of goodwill—so much so that he thanked the breeze for blowing so sweetly and the sun



for shining so warmly.

On the riverbank he heard a puny voice calling him. He looked here and there and found a fish lying on the sand.

"At night when the moonlight was bright I mistook the sand as rippling water and leaped onto it. Will you kindly pick me up and place me in the water?"

"Gladly, dear fish, gladly," said Ravi and he did the needful with great care.

"Thanks," said the fish. "Two young men had been here before you. But they were so proud that they didn't even hear my call!"

Ravi had taken a few steps

when he heard a drorish tone calling him. He looked here and there and found a bee lying on the ground.

"I was stung by an ant as I settled down on a tiny grass-flower. Will you kindly pick me up and leave me in my hive yonder?" asked the bee.

"Gladly, dear bee, gladly!" said Ravi and he did the needful with great care.

"Thanks," said the bee. "Two young men had been here before you. But they were so proud that they didn't even look to find me. I will be smart in a moment and give you company, for, you might need me."

Ravi crossed the river and reached the valley and found out the red lemon tree. He knelt down before it and shed a tear in memory of his father. He then plucked a lemon and hurried to the castle.

"What are you carrying, sonny?" asked the old woman on the way.

"A red lemon, granny," replied Ravi. "for the sake of the princess. Can I do anything for you?"

"Very good, sonny, if it is a red lemon, let it be a red lemon!" muttered the old woman.

In the meanwhile there had



been more occasions to anger the king. Some fellows had brought lemons painting them red. They had of course been promptly found out, but the king was quite upset.

"Why should there be so many mischievous men in my kingdom when I am so good!" he asked this question to nobody in particular time and again. The courtiers had no answer except, "We are all good men, your majesty!"

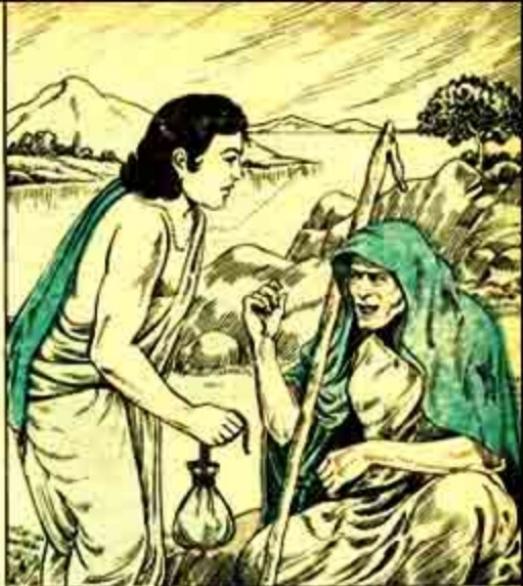
No wonder the king viewed Ravi with suspicion. However, experts said that the fruit Ravi had brought was not a painted one. The princess was duly treated to it and she sat up as smart as a robin and smiled as sweet as the lily.

There was a great outburst of joy. Ravi was almost buried in gifts and garlands. But the suspicious minister asked, "Is there a real red lemon tree anywhere on the earth?"

"Is there one really? Is there one?" echoed the courtiers.

"There is. I can lead you there, if you wish to see it," said Ravi.

"Let us see it!" proposed the king and Ravi led the royal procession to the valley on the other side of the river. All



marvelled at the red lemon tree and Ravi shed yet another tear in his father's memory.

But, on their way back, when they were in the boat, the minister suddenly said, "Here is a test for you, Ravi. If you could cure our princess, you should also be able to recover a ring if it is thrown into the water!"

"Yes, yes, you should be able to," agreed the courtiers. The minister pulled a ring from a courtier's finger instead of his own and threw it into the water.

"To be frank, I don't understand your argument," murmured Ravi. "I've never claimed to be a man of miracles!"

"Never mind," whispered



puny voice. "Here is the ring."

Ravi who sat on the edge of the boat looked at the water and saw the fish which he had rescued from the sand pushing up the ring. He picked it up and handed it over to its owner who looked extremely grateful.

Back at the castle, the incorrigible minister brought a dozen young girls, all dressed and looking alike, out into the courtyard and told Ravi, "If you are to marry the princess you ought to know her. Tell us, who is the princess?"

"Yes, yes, you ought to know her," said all the courtiers.

"Well, I don't understand your argument, for I have hardly ever seen her," murmured Ravi.

"Never mind. I will circle around her head!" droned the bee near Ravi's ear and at once it went and began circling

around the princess' head. Ravi had no difficulty in pointing her out!

"Enough, my minister, enough, will you please stop your tomfoolery?" shouted the king.

"Will you, please, will you?" shouted the courtiers.

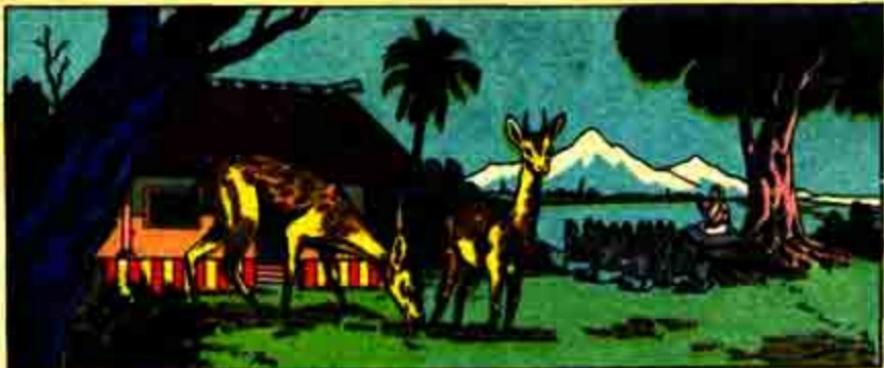
"My daughter and half of my kingdom belong to this young man!" announced the king with a gesture of finality.

The courtiers broke into a great hurrah. The marriage was performed amidst unprecedented rejoicing and feast. Ravi took for his domain that half of the kingdom which included the valley with the red lemon tree.

And he arranged to set free Jeevan and Shekhar as well as those who had brought painted lemons to the king.

And Ravi and the princess grew famous as king and queen.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

The Adventure of Prabhudas

The guru had a number of disciples in his ashram. But the one who showed great proficiency in discussing the scriptures was Prabhudas. He could quote passages from great books most fluently and he volunteered with a solution to any debate that took place among his friends.

"It is a joy to have such a student," often other sages who visited the ashram commented.

But the guru hardly ever praised Prabhudas. When others spoke high of him, he only smiled.

Once it became necessary for the guru to send a message to the king. He looked at his students and asked, "Who among you are willing to pay a

visit to the court?"

All but Prabhudas said, "Whoever is chosen by you, O master!"

Prabhudas alone said, "I will be happy to go, O master!"

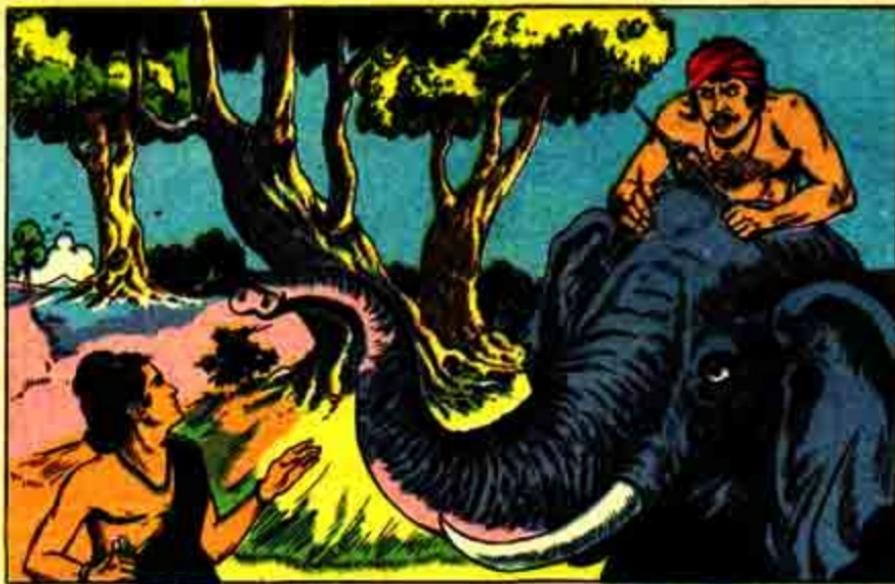
The guru kept quiet. But after an hour Prabhudas met him and humbly asked, "What is your decision, master?"

The guru thought for a moment and said, "I have no doubt that you have learnt my teachings well, but I am not sure if you can put them into practice properly."

"I can, O master, you are welcome to try me," Prabhudas said with enthusiasm.

"It is all right, then. Here is my letter to the king. Carry it carefully and come back with





his reply soon," said the guru as he passed on a piece of palm leaf to Prabhudas.

Prabhudas was on the road before long. He reflected on several lessons he had learnt from the guru as he walked. One that was coming readily to his mind was the guru's advice to look upon every being, human or beast, and everything—trees, rivers, hills—as manifestations of God.

"This road I am walking, this breeze that is refreshing me, these trees which are giving me shade, are all manifestations of God. I am, indeed, so quick at understanding what the guru says!" thought Prabhudas fee-

ling quite flattered.

Suddenly he heard some noise. Looking ahead, he saw an elephant rushing in his direction.

"Everything is God's manifestation. As I am, so is this elephant. It cannot harm me, for God harming God is absurd," Prabhudas argued within himself and kept walking.

The elephant trumpeted. It was coming closer to Prabhudas.

"Get away, young man, get away," shouted the mahout who sat on the elephant and was making a vain bid to keep the animal under control.

"Here is an opportunity to put the guru's teaching into practice



I am God, the elephant too is God. There is no sense in God fearing God!" thought Prabhudas as he continued on the road.

"Get off the road, you fool!" shouted the mahout in despair. Still Prabhudas refused to move. A couple of passers-by noticed him. But before they could do anything, the elephant caught Prabhudas in its trunk and hurled him away.

Prabhudas lay unconscious. After the mad elephant was gone, the passers-by recognised Prabhudas and carried him to the ashram.

Prabhudas recovered soon. Passers-by had narrated to the guru all that had happened.

"Why did you not move away from the mad elephant's way?" asked the guru.

"O master! How could have Prabhudas the God thought that

he would be so badly treated by the elephant-God?" asked Prabhudas.

The guru smiled and asked, "If you saw God in the elephant, how could you fail to see God in the mahout? How could Prabhudas the God disobey the mahout-God?"

Prabhudas had no answer to this.

"My son! It is easy to remember or recite a truth. It is not easy to realise it. The situation would have been different if you had realised the truth. But what you did was to put it into a trial in a foolish manner. You did not even exercise your common sense. Had you done so, you would have listened to the mahout-God. It was because of your incapacity to see a situation in its totality that I was so reluctant to ask you to go."



A LESSON FROM A DACOIT

A sage who lived in the hills once decided to go down and impart the knowledge of truth to the common people. He thought that thereby he could give them peace and real happiness.

He went to the nearest town. But the people there were so ignorant that they understood nothing of what he said. The sage left that town and went to a bigger town, the capital of the state. The people there were clever, but all that mattered to them was cheap entertainment and pleasure. When they heard the sage, they commented, "This fellow has no work to do. That is why he has come to advise us!"

Sad and frustrated, the sage decided to return to his hills. He had to pass through a forest. Suddenly a dacoit confronted him. Of course, soon he found out that the sage had no valuables with him. The sage told him all about his journey to the towns and his disappointments.

The dacoit quietly took off his shirt and showed his back on which marks of torture were imprinted.

"Sage! I have been punished so many times. Still I have not given up my work. And you were out for a noble cause. If you were sincere, how could you give up your mission?"

The sage thought for a moment. He thanked the dacoit and turned towards the town.



MAHAVIRA JINA

"The thief is caught!" shouted the guards of the town who were tired of looking for him, running along the streets and hiding at places during the whole night. At last, in the small hours, they had found and captured the 'thief'.

The 'thief' was duly produced before the administrator of the town. The king had lately taken the administrator to task for his failure to catch the thief, although so many houses in the town had been burgled during the past one month.

The administrator was very happy that his guards had caught the thief. He looked at the accused, a young man. Although the accused wore only a dirty piece of linen and seemed quite unmindful of his appearance, there was a kind of unusual brightness in his face. He could not be a beggar. He was silent to all questions.

"Yes, this is how a clever thief is expected to behave. I have the king's permission to punish the thief when caught.

Begone! Hang him!" said the administrator.

The accused was led to the gallows. The noose was fastened around his neck. But, mysteriously indeed, the knot was found unfastened the moment the hangman had descended from the platform.

The hangman went up again and fixed the knot. But again it was found to have been unfastened. The strange phenomenon repeated itself seven times.

The master of the ceremony and the hangman and their assistants stood bewildered. One of them ran to the administrator and reported to him the weird conduct of the noose. The administrator rushed to the gallows and had a closer look at the would-be victim, now that it was broad daylight.

Instantly a shudder passed through his person. There was something in the eyes of the prisoner that told the officer that he was no ordinary man.

The prisoner was let free.



There was no sign of happiness in him just as there had been no anxiety in him when he was about to be hanged. He walked away as unmindfully yet as calmly as ever.

Again, one day at noon the same traveller sat under a tree in a field. A villager who was passing by with his cow, said, "My brother, just keep an eye on my cow. I will be soon back from the village."

But on his return the villager did not find his cow. He asked the traveller about it, but got no reply. Furious, he broke a dry stick into two and thrust the pieces into the traveller's ears.

saying, "Have this if you do not hear me!"

Blood streamed down the silent traveller's ears. But there was no other reaction in him. As he passed through the village, a physician saw him—the sharp sticks still stuck to his ears. The physician kept him under his treatment till he was cured.

Through many such travails wandered the traveller. No humiliation, no torture damped his spirit. Rather each one of these experiences led him a step farther towards his goal which was to be beyond all sensations of pleasure and pain.

Gradually people realised his



greatness. He had no attachment whatever to any worldly thing; he had neither any feeling of shame nor of any vanity. As a sign of this condition of mind, he had given up even the piece of linen he put on. People came to know him as Jina—the conqueror; Many called him Mahavira—the Great Hero. He was so called because according to the Indian tradition one who conquered wide territories was no real conqueror, one who fought battles was no real hero; but one who conquered one's own ego and passions and was the master of one's own self was the real conqueror; one whom

no hurdle could stop from going on the path of truth was the real hero.

Mahavira Jina, whose earlier name was Vardhamana, is known as the founder of Jainism. But he was only continuing a very great and ancient tradition built up by twenty-three great souls, known as *Tirthankaras* or the path-finders.

Mahavira was born in the sixth century B.C. of a noble Kshatriya family of Kundagrama (near modern Patna), related to the royal family of Vaisali. He became a wanderer at the age of 30 and realised the truth after another twelve years.



For the next 30 years he taught a large number of disciples how to liberate the soul from the bondage to the cycle of birth and death. Liberation could come through a strict adherence to three basic principles: right faith, right knowledge and right action.

Mahavira revived the teachings of Parsvanatha, the 23rd Tirthankara, who lived 200 years before him. These teachings were, not to inflict injury on any being, truthfulness, not to covet or still anything, and complete non-attachment to all things or

situations. Mahavira emphasised a fifth principle—that of celibacy.

In course of time the followers of Mahavira Jina, the Jains, were divided into *Digambaras* and *Svetambaras*. The former wore nothing while the latter wore white clothes. The ascetics of both the sects followed a strict code of conduct.

Mahavira died at the age of 72 at Pava in Bihar. By then his influence had spread all over the country. Jainism, though so old, is till a living and major faith.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





The World of Magic

A MAGIC FOR KESHVATI

Keshvati, the princess of Samarpur, was rich in beauty. Foremost among her wealth was her hair. In fact, she had the most beautiful head of hair one had ever seen in Samarpur or the nearby lands.

Being the only child of her parents Keshvati naturally was the focus of all their care. The queen would not allow the maids to touch her hair. She would herself put oil in her tresses and arrange them artistically.

One day, while wandering alone in the garden, Keshvati grew curious to see the little hamlet beyond the garden. That was the colony of people who served the royal household.

Keshvati happened to come across the apparatus by which coconut and seeds were crushed and oil was gathered. As she watched its working, a lizard jumped into the container-filled with coconuts and was crushed.

"Think of it! This impure oil must be used for my hair!" Keshvati murmured to herself and returned to the palace.

Next morning when the queen approached her for treating her hair with oil, she refused to submit herself to the treatment. "I will have nothing to do with oil in future," she declared.

When the queen failed to persuade the princess to use the oil, she summoned the court physician. The physician recited



couplets from old classics in a bid to convince the princess that oil was indispensable for the growth of hair.

"Thank you very much for imparting the knowledge to me," said the princess to his face. But after he had gone, she poured a jarful of oil at the root of a delicate plant. In a few hours the plant looked sick.

"Mother! Look at the plant. If oil helped hair to grow, it should not have paled the plant!" she observed. The queen who was no good at argument kept quiet.

Days passed. Keshvati's beautiful hair looked dry and

bushy. The queen felt like weeping whenever her eyes fell on them.

Kanchan Kumar, the prince of Rajatpur, soon heard all about the strange whim of Keshvati. Kanchan Kumar and Keshvati were great friends from childhood. Kanchan Kumar had grown up to be a brave young man and between the two kings it had been decided that he was to marry Keshvati.

Amused by Keshvati's reported attitude towards oil, Kanchan Kumar soon appeared at Samarpur.

"Keshvati! Don't you know



that oil is the food for brain? If one does not put oil in one's hair one grows dull!" Kanchan Kumar observed upon his first meeting the princess.

But the princess laughed. "Well, my father's minister, Hari Shastri, is supposed to be the wisest and cleverest man in the kingdom. Being bald, he never uses oil on his head. Am I to take it that he is dull?" she asked.

"He may not be using oil now, but he was certainly using it earlier," said the prince.

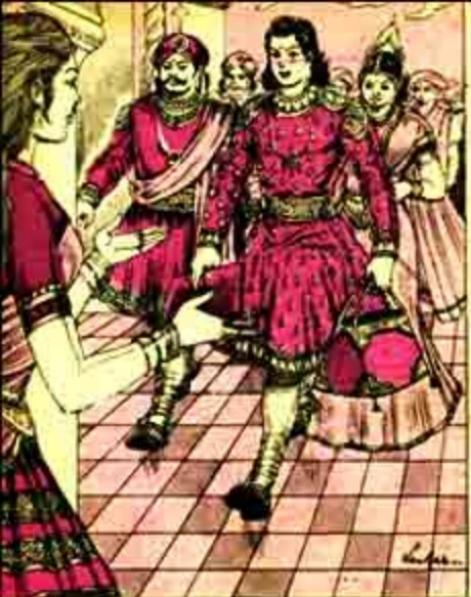
"And the result was that he grew bald!" remarked the princess with a giggle.

The prince was in the defensive now. However, he put forth another argument, "The ants are the cleverest of the tiny creatures. Haven't you ever watched how they crowd around a drop of coconut oil?"

"Yes, I've watched that. I've also observed how they crowd around sugar. You can't conclude that sugar was good for hair!" remarked the princess.

Kanchan Kumar realised that it was in vain that he tried to change Keshvati's mind through arguments. He changed the topic and said in a reminiscent tone, "As we grow up, we waste our time in arguments. How





you used to show excellent magic. Do you remember any of the tricks?" the princess showed enthusiasm.

"I will try to amuse you by one, but on condition that if you are satisfied with that, you must do as I say," said the prince.

"I agree," replied the princess.

Next day, in the morning, Kanchan Kumar appeared in Keshvati's apartment, accompanied by the king and the queen. At his asking a large can was brought there and was filled with water. With a pair of scissors he cut a piece of cardboard into the size of a fish and made a hole at its centre. He then let it float on the water.

"Keshvati! Can you make this paper fish move without pushing it or blowing at it?" asked Kanchan Kumar.

Keshvati observed the paper fish keenly and said, "No. I don't think I can."

The prince brought out a bottle and poured a drop or two of its content on the water through the hole at the centre of the paper fish. Instantly the paper fish began to move in this direction and that as if it was swimming!

different it was when we were kids! We played and played and that never tired us!"

"Those were the days indeed!" agreed Keshvati.

"Why not we play again?" asked Kanchan Kumar.

"What! Play at this age? What will the people say? Won't they say that while one had gone mad for lack of oil, the other had gone mad with too much oil?" Keshvati giggled again.

"Well, well, Keshvati, you need not play then. But will you watch while I play?" asked the prince.

"Oh yes. I remember how





"Wonderful!" exclaimed the princess. "Now, what do you ask me to do?"

"Keshvati! You must use for your hair this liquid which put so much verve into the paper fish!" said the prince.

The princess smiled and agreed to do as asked. The king and the queen sighed with relief. They knew what the bottle contained. It was pure coconut oil.

—By A. C. Sorcer, Magician

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE BENARESI SAREE

Suresh was a young farmer who had lately married Dhira, the daughter of a richer farmer of the neighbouring village.

Suresh was a hard-working young man and quite intelligent too. He made best use of whatever property he had.

Dhira was a nice young woman, capable of doing all the house-hold chores and she was kind to all. But she had a great weakness for sarees. Whenever she saw someone wearing a new saree, she was eager to have a similar one for herself.

Suresh obliged her by buying new sarees for her as long as he could. But the day Dhira visited the landlord's house

and on return pleaded for a Benaresi saree like the one the landlord's daughter-in-law wore, Suresh had to tell her that to buy such a thing was beyond his means.

But Dhira was adamant in her demand. When Suresh did not yield, she threatened him saying that she would leave for her parents' house where her father was sure to fulfil her desire.

"Well, go if you must," said Suresh.

Now, this was a matter of prestige for Dhira. She started for her father's house late in the afternoon and was there in the evening.

Her father sat on the veranda.



He seemed surprised and happy at the sudden appearance of his daughter.

"How are you, Dhira, how is it that you are here unannounced?" he asked.

"I suddenly felt the urge to see you and mummy. So am I here," replied Dhira.

"Fine, my daughter. In fact, I was thinking of sending for you. There is an awkward situation from which you alone can help me out," said the father.

"I promise to do everything necessary to help you, father," said Dhira. "Just tell me what your problem is."

"The problem is with your mother. On a visit to the landlord's house he saw a Benaresi saree with the daughter-in-law of that family. She insists that I buy a similar saree for her. Now, to tell you frankly, Dhira,

I am still in debt on account of your marriage. How can I afford such a costly gift for her? She has threatened to leave for her parents' house and as a preparatory step, has gone over to our neighbour's house. Will you please meet her and try to change her mind?" said the father.

"I must, father," said Dhira and she hurried to the neighbour's house. An hour later both mother and daughter returned home. They sent for Suresh and had a merry time chitchatting. Next morning Dhira and Suresh left for their home. The question of the saree was never raised.

Had Suresh briefed Dhira's parents about her whimsical demand, earlier to her visiting her father's house? We never know!





TREASURE ISLAND

Jim, the inn-keeper's son, has a fascinating guest. He is a seaman, Bill Bones, who loves to be called 'Captain'.

Captain Bill suddenly dies. From his possession Jim discovers an invaluable property, a map, which gives the clue to the enormous hidden property of a dead pirate chief, John Flint.

Jim's friends, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey, are in ecstasy over the map. "Tomorrow," said the squire, "I start for Bristol; in two weeks--yes, in ten days, we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. You shall be ship's doctor, Liversey, Jim cabin-boy, and I am admiral."

And start they did for the treasure island. But they would have never seen their

homes again had it not been for our lucky lad Jim. Of the twenty-five inmates of the ship, nineteen were the old shipmates of John Flint or their accomplices who were conspiring to do away with the other six and take possession of the hidden wealth. Sleepily relaxing in a dark apple-barrel, Jim happened to hear their leaders discussing the murderous plot and passed on the information to the squire.

Mutiny broke out once they were on the island. Wandering alone in a thicket, Jim met a wild looking fellow, Ben Gunn, who was a seaman marooned on that island.

A series of encounters between the mutineers and the squire's party followed. Jim himself narrowly escaped an



attempt on his life. However, ultimately there was a truce. To everybody's great surprise, Dr. Liversey handed over the chart showing the location of the hidden treasure to the surviving mutineers.

But when the cache was explored, all they found there was a broken pick and a board with the name of the pirate's ship!

Was the treasure a simple myth then? No. It was Ben

Gunn who had shifted it to another place, earlier. The doctor knew it before giving away the chart to the enemy.

With Ben Gunn's help, the squire's party leaves the island with the wealth—"great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold!"

Treasure Island by R. L. Stevenson (1850-1894) is a great classic among the adventure stories.





EMISSARIES OF THE GODDESS

Goddess Lakshmi had two attendants, Lalita and Savita. Whenever she was kind to one of her numerous devotees, she sent Savita to do the needful for bringing prosperity to the devotee.

Savita understood the mind of the goddess well and she knew how much wealth was to be given to a man and in what manner.

She would devise some way or the other to place the wealth before the devotee without herself appearing before him. To the devotee it would seem that the wealth came his way by chance.

One day the goddess was carrying a handful of jewels.

She intended to hand them over to Savita. There was a poor devotee named Shyamdas. Savita was required to give the jewels to him.

But Lalita complained to the goddess, "You always entrust Savita with your works on the earth. Why don't you ask me to do the work at least on one occasion?"

"Savita knows how to do the work as I desire. However, you can once try if you so wish. Carry these jewels to the earth and see that they safely reach Shyamdas," said the goddess.

Lalita was happy. She accepted the jewels and reached the earth. She then put the jewels in the hollow of a walking



stick and laid it at Shyamdas's door.

In the morning Shyamdas picked it up and walked towards the lake. A village boy named Sudhir saw the stick and asked, "Can you tell me, uncle Shyamdas, where such sticks are available? My grandpa has given me a rupee and has asked me to buy such a stick for him."

"Give me the coin and take this stick," said Shyamdas who had no need of the stick.

The boy went away with the stick. Shyamdas kept the coin on a slab of stone and entered the lake. Soon a vagabond picked up the coin and scampered off.

Shyamdas was sad at losing the coin, but he was sadder when Sudhir met him an hour later and said that the stick proved too heavy for his grandpa. He returned the stick

and wanted back his coin. Shyamdas took the stick and promised to return the money the next day.

Goddess Lakshmi who observed everything saw that the jewels would remain embedded in the stick forever unless something was done about it. She looked at Savita.

Savita instantly assumed the form of a snake and was seen slithering on Shyamdas's floor. The scared Shyamdas threw the stick at the snake. The snake escaped, but the stick broke into two. The hidden jewels now lay scattered before Shyamdas.

Shyamdas collected the jewels. His joy knew no bound. His misery was gone.

Lalitha now realised that it was not enough to feel enthusiastic about doing a work; one must know how to do it.





New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

THE PRINCE'S DREAMS

King Vikram climbed the tree again and brought the corpse down. It was a fearful night and the whole region shook with the sound of thunder. Jackals howled and spirits laughed in their weird manner. But the king did not care. He began to cross the cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder.

But the vampire that possessed the corpse soon began speaking. "O King, I hope, you have not been inspired by a dream as was Prince Surajit. If you have been, you should take lesson from Surajit's experience. Let me tell you his story. The narration should make your unusual labour a little light," it said.

The vampire went on: Sudhir-sen, the king of Ratnapur, was famous as a wise and compassionate ruler. People said that he nursed no thought other than that of the welfare of his



subjects. He was lucky in his only son, Surajit, who too was kind and conscientious.

Surajit was well-versed in the art of administration. The king was making arrangements for his marriage with the princess of a neighbouring kingdom, when, one night, Surajit dreamt a wonderful dream: He was in the forest with his hunting party. Soon he left the party far behind and galloped into an unknown land. Suddenly he heard some violent noise and his attention went over to a fighting. He saw a palanquin resting on the ground and its escorts trying hard to protect it from a gang of bandits. The escorts were about to lose the battle when Surajit dashed into the fray and began cutting down the bandits. They retreated immediately.

"O noble youth! We were sure to lose our princess to the bandits but for your timely intervention. You came to us like a God-sent saviour. Now, kindly accompany us to the castle of our king," said the leader of the escorts.

The prince could not disappoint them. He followed the palanquin. One of the escorts galloped in advance and in-



formed the king of the coming of the chivalrous guest. The king received Surajit with great honour and married his daughter, Princess Pushpavati, to him.

Surajit was simply amazed when he saw the princess. Indescribable was her beauty. Surajit thought that she must have been a heavenly nymph.

While he marvelled at his bride, music broke out outside the chamber. That ended Surajit's dream as well as his sleep. He found himself sleeping in his own room in his father's palace. The music he heard was the regular rite in the palace at dawn.

Surajit could not give atten-



tion to anything. He was haunted by the memory of the dream-princess. He met his father privately and narrated the dream to him with great feelings and said, "Father! I cannot marry anyone but Pushpavati."

"But where is Pushpavati? Who is her father?" asked the king.

"I do not know. But I must marry Pushpavati," was Surajit's reply.

The king kept quiet for a while. Then he cast a searching look at the prince and said, "If you must marry the princess of your dream, there is no other

way to do so than to first find her out. You may go on a journey to ascertain her whereabouts. But remember that the attraction you feel for mortal beauty cannot last. There are greater issues for you to take care of than going mad after beauty."

Surajit soon rode away in search of Pushpavati. By the evening he arrived in another kingdom and took shelter in an inn. At night he dreamt that he had returned to his own castle carrying Pushpavati with him. But on his arrival in the castle he was informed that his father had died. He ascended the throne and tried to do his duty as the new king. But he found it extremely difficult to remain away from Pushpavati even for an hour at a stretch. Soon he forgot attending to his royal duties and passed his all time in Pushpavati's apartment.

The ministers and officers took full advantage of the situation. They favoured undesirable people for their own interest and looted the royal treasury under different pretexts. The rule of law disappeared and there was chaos all over the kingdom. People



tried to send their protests to the young king, but they never reached him, nor he had any interest to look into them.

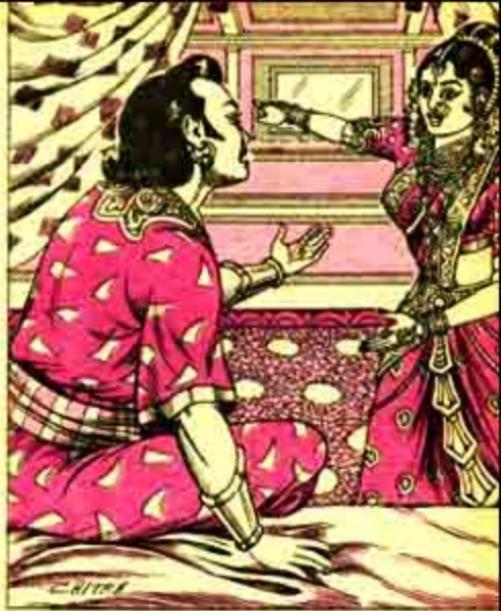
However, Pushpavati got the scent of the situation. She urged upon her husband to pay due attention to his duty. But the prince said that his ministers were most trustworthy officers and those who grumbled against them were wicked people.

The situation went on deteriorating. At the end of another year the kingdom had been reduced to such a condition that it could be annexed by any of the neighbouring kingdoms. In fact, spies brought the news that Ratnapur was soon going to be invaded.

One day Pushpavati blurted out, "Had I known that you are such a weakling I would have refused to marry you."

Surajit slapped the queen hard on her face. He would have punished her further, but the invaders arrived on the spot and he was about to be beheaded.

Surajit gave out a cry and got up. He found himself in the inn. He returned to his father's palace as soon as he could. He married the princess his father had fixed up for him and



devoted himself to his duty.

The vampire kept quiet for a minute and then challenged King Vikram to answer: "How is it that a wise king like Sudhirsen allowed his son to go out on an uncertain journey? And why did Surajit give up his mission? O King, if you know the answers and yet choose to keep mum, your head shall roll off your neck!"

Answered King Vikram, "Being wise, King Sudhirsen knew that his putting any restraint on Surajit would not mollify his passion. It is only through certain experiences that he must learn about the futility



of his fancy. That is why he allowed him to go out on the journey. Nevertheless, he gave him a sound message which had its effect on him. When the prince dreamt the second dream, he realised that being taken up by mortal beauty might prove temporarily pleasant, but it had its dangers. He remembered his father's words that such

fancies were temporary and that greater tasks awaited him. That is why he decided to return home."

No sooner had King Vikram finished talking than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip. He stopped and turned back to locate the tree by the help of the flashes of lightning.

Raghu and Madhu were two friends who had not met for years.

Out of job for a long time, Raghu approached a circus party and asked its proprietor for a job.

"We had two bears. Unfortunately one died recently. If you are willing to act as a bear till we've bought a real one, the job is yours," said the proprietor.

Raghu agreed. Clad in a bear-skin, he would remain in the cage throughout the day and play in the arena during the show. When all the outsiders departed, he would be allowed to come out and shed the disguise.

One night the keeper of the cage did not turn up to open the cage. Raghu however, managed to come out at midnight. Awfully hungry, he made a bound for the kitchen.

But what should he see there but the other bear already prowling near the oven!

"Damn with the beast," growled Raghu.

"Damn! Are you not the real bear then?" said Madhu tearing open his attire.

Raghu and Madhu met at last!





VEER HANUMAN

That Ravana was preparing to perform a powerful *yajna* did not escape the intelligence of Vibhishana.

Great was his anxiety. He immediately called a conference of Rama, Lakshmana and the important heroes of their side.

"If Ravana succeeds in completing the rite, he will come to command a regiment of supernatural and super-strong soldiers. It will be almost impossible to defeat him then. Hence, we must act to foil his scheme," Vibhishana confided to Rama and the Vanara heroes.

Their discussion then focused on the means of disturbing Ravana's rite. At Jambavan's suggestion, Angada, who knew the science of turning invisible,

was vested with the task of doing the needful.

Angada set out for the work at once. He entered the inner apartment of Ravana and dragged Mandodari, Ravana's wife, by her hair. At first bewildered, Mandodari then shrieked out, "Is there nobody in this palace to protect the wife of the conqueror of the three realms?"

Ravana was taken aback. He forgot the *yajna* and hurried out, following the voice. Thereby his rite was rendered ineffectual. He was quite upset on that account, but he could not have done otherwise. He realised that the enemy has tricked him out of his *yajna*.

When Angada found that his work was done, he quietly slipped away.



he cannot kill me, the other part of the condition should become invalid too. Secondly, he is under the vow to rescue Sita. But, my instruction to you is, as soon as I leave my body, those of you who will enter the fire to die along with me should compel Sita to join you. If that is done, Rama will die—a heart broken man," said Ravana.

Ravana then had a last loose at his palace and seemed to bid goodbye to it.

Before Mandodari could say anything further, Ravana proceeded westward. He reached a lonely part of the island and lay down, determined never to get up again.

While all this was happening in Lanka, events of a similar nature were taking place in one of the regions of the nether world which was known as Patala Lanka.

Patala Lanka was ruled by Mahiravana, the younger brother of Ahiravana.

Mahiravana was a very strong demon, well-versed in magic and endowed with supernatural powers. He had kidnapped the beautiful Chandrasena, the daughter of the snake-king, Vasuki, and had her imprisoned

ped away.

Mandodari told her husband, "How long must we suffer such humiliations? There is still time to save whatever is left of Lanka. Try for a compromise with Rama."

"I am shocked to hear you giving me such an advice. Have I not already lost numerous friends and my sons in the battle? Have I suffered such blows in order to surrender to Rama ultimately? Never! I will not allow Rama the credit of killing me. I will sit for penance and leave my body by my own free will. Rama is under the vow to pass on the crown to Vibhishana only after killing me. Since



in his castle. Chandrasena, who had seen Rama at the time of his marriage at Videha, had been enamoured of him and had continued to adore him as her husband. Naturally, she refused to marry Mahiravana. She was threatened with dire consequences, but she did not yield.

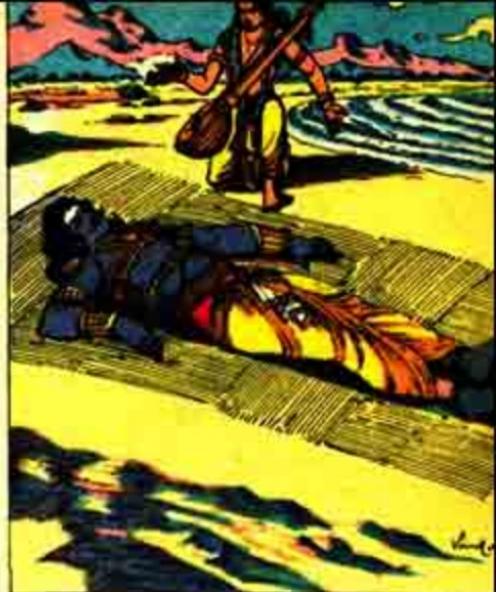
In Lanka, as Ravana lay down in penance preparing to leave his body, suddenly the great seer Narada approached him and told him, "What makes you so despondent? Have you forgotten of your mighty friend, Mahiravana?"

Ravana set up instantly. The memory of Mahiravana filled him with great enthusiasm. He closed his eyes and concentrated on Mahiravana.

In Patala Lanka, Mahiravana was then heaping abuses on Chandrasena and Rama. He snatched away an image of Rama from Chandrasena and said, "I will soon behead your Rama before my goddess, Kali."

"You cannot. You shall lose your own head in Rama's hand," Chandrasena retorted.

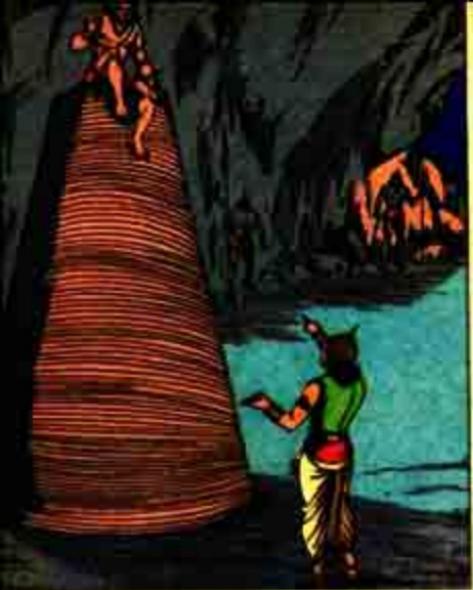
"Ha ha!!" laughed Mahiravana. "You think it is that easy to kill me, do you? Well, know that my life is beyond the



reach of all. Fathoms below this Patala Lanka, there is a dangerous cave. In that cave lies a bejewelled casket containing five bees. If one could kill the five bees at one stroke, only then should I die. But who can do that? Ha ha!! The cave is guarded by monstrous ghouls!"

Laughing still louder, Mahiravana then smashed the image of Rama on the ground, shattering it to pieces.

Just then he became conscious of the fact that he was being remembered by Ravana. He lost no time in appearing before him. They embraced each other and then Ravana requested his



friend to put an end to the menace that was Rama.

"There could be hardly anything dearer to my heart than killing Rama. Don't you worry. I will sacrifice both Rama and Lakshmana before Kali tomorrow," said Mahiravana.

Through his spy, Vibhishana was informed of all that transpired between the two demon kings.

It was night and Rama and Lakshmana were going to sleep. Vibhishana warned a few of the Vanara heroes about the possibility of Mahiravana attempting to kidnap Rama and Lakshmana.

Hanuman immediately leng-

thened his tail and made a pyramid around Rama and Lakshmana and sat on the top. Satisfied with the arrangement, Vibhishana retired.

Hanuman's pyramid was guarded by other Vanara heroes who stood alert at different points. A little while later Vibhishana appeared again and told Hanuman, "Let me in for a moment. I have to tie this protective talisman around Rama's arm."

Hanuman made a gap in the fortification built with his tail and allowed Vibhishana to go in and then come out.

While going away, Vibhishana told Hanuman, "Beware of the enemy who might come in the guise of any of our friends."

A little later, when Hanuman saw Vibhishana approaching him again, he shouted, "I've no doubt that this time you are Mahiravana in disguise. Begone, or I will kill you!"

"Your words sound strange, O Hanuman! I hope, you are not deceived already and you are not guarding an empty area!"

At that Hanuman looked into his pyramid and saw that there was nobody inside!

Great was Hanuman's disappointment. But Jambavan



told him, "Who can go to Rama's rescue if you lose hope at this hour? No use shedding tears on what has already happened. Let us try to devise ways to undo the enemy's achievement."

Hanuman was briefed by Vibhishana how to proceed to Patala Lanka. He leaped up into the sky and disappeared.

Mahiravana had kidnapped Rama and Lakshmana reducing them to two tiny images. He showed his prisoners to Chandrasena and announced before her that he was going to sacrifice both of them before Kali the next day.

Hanuman made a dive into the sea. There was a mountain dazzling like a fire under the water. On its top was a small hole. Hanuman reduced himself to a size suitable for entering the hole. He crept in and soon stood before the gate of Patala Lanka.

A bright and strong youth guarded the gate. Hanuman's heart was filled with love at the sight of the youth. The youth surveyed Hanuman who was still looking quite small and roared, "Who are you? How could you muster the audacity to come here? It seems you are



eager to die!"

Hanuman was amazed at the valour and smartness of the youth. He pretended to be tired and did not answer.

"Perhaps you had come here with the intention of defeating me and gaining entry into the fort. But the mere journey has almost finished you! Can you now dream of fighting with me, myself being Makaradhwaja, the son of the mighty Hanuman?"

"What!" shouted Hanuman angrily: "How dare you claim yourself to be Hanuman's son? Who does not know that Hanuman is a firm celibate? You deserve death for your blatant lie!"



Hanuman sprang to his feet and aimed his iron fist at the youth. But suddenly he heard an anxious feminine voice, saying, "O my husband! Refrain from doing any harm to my boy!"

Hanuman stopped. Behind him stood a lady of great charm. She bowed to him and said, "I am Suvarchala, the daughter of the South Sea. Once while you were flying over the sea, a demoness named Simhika tried to pull you down by grabbing at your shadow. You fought her and killed her. Tired, you wiped sweat from your forehead and threw it on the water. I was then swimming below, assuming the form of a fish. I swallowed the sweat and as a result gave birth to this boy. Hence he is your son."

Hanuman stood thrilled.

Suvarchala added, "Makaradhwaja proved himself valiant even when an infant. Forcibly has Mahiravana enrolled his service. But there was a prophecy that the day Makaradhwaja will meet you, he will be released from his bondage. No power can enslave him hereafter."

"True indeed are the words spoken by Suvarchala," said a divine voice from above.

Makaradhwaja prostrated himself to Hanuman. Hanuman raised him up and embraced him with great affection.

"My lord! Please proceed to meet Chandrasena. She knows the mystery of Mahiravana's life and death. By her help your mission should be crowned with success."

Suvarchala and Makaradhwaja then bowed down to Hanuman and departed.

Contd.





THREE STRANGE EXPERIENCES

In days gone by the kings used to appoint young men to important offices often testing their intelligence.

When a post fell vacant, the promising candidates for it were summoned to the court where they were examined either by the minister or by some other senior officer.

Once a group of young men were being examined in the presence of the king.

"How many handless people have you seen?" the minister asked the young men.

"Once I had seen a beggar who had only one hand," replied a young man.

"I have come across two such men," said another.

"I have met thousands!" replied Ashok, the third young man.

"Thousands?" asked the surprised minister.

"Yes, sir, thousands. Once it so happened that while passing through a bazar I saw a ruffian beating and bullying a weak boy. I pounced upon the ruffian and gave him a good thrashing. He ran away. Then I noticed that a poor man who sat near a wall jotting down something on a paper. On being asked he said that in me he saw a man with a pair of hands. Many had passed by, but nobody had cared to come to the boy's rescue. Hence although they were people with hands, they



were in fact handless!" replied Ashok.

"Have you ever seen a tongueless person?"

"No," replied most of the young men.

"Yes," said Ashok. "In fact I have met thousands of them."

"How?" asked the minister.

"Once I borrowed a hundred rupees from a money-lender. I had promised to return the sum on a certain day. On my keeping my promise, the money-lender commented that I was one of those few who had tongues. Questioned by me, he said that most of the people never kept their promise. Although they had tongues, they were as good as tongueless. One can be said to truly possess a tongue only if he uses it truthfully. That is what the money-lender told me and I agreed with

him," replied Ashok.

"Have any of you seen dead men talking and walking?" asked the minister.

"I have seen thousands of them. I learnt to recognise them through the clue given to me by a woman. One day while passing through a village I failed to see a single man anywhere. When I asked a woman what the matter was, she said that all the men were dead! I could not believe her. She then explained that afraid of summons from the king to join the army to defend the land against an invasion, they had taken to hiding. Such cowards were as good as dead," replied Ashok.

The king and the minister were very happy with Ashok. He was given the vacant position in the court.





A Strange Situation

In a certain village lived Vimal Das, a wealthy man. He had no child and he was quite sad on that account.

Once he decided to pay a visit to Kashi, with his wife, where he could pray to Lord Viswanatha for a child.

Accordingly he and his wife left their home on an auspicious day. But they had not gone far when it began to rain. To return home was inauspicious. So, they took shelter in the house of their friend, Gokul Mahato, who lived in the next village.

When Gokul heard the reason for which his friend had set out on a pilgrimage, he said, "My friend, you know that I too am hankering for a child for long. I too desire to visit Kashi with my wife. But

I cannot go because of my old parents who are lying sick. Will you please offer my prayers too, along with yours, at the feet of the Lord?"

Vimal gladly agreed to do as requested by Gokul.

Vimal Das and his wife reached Kashi safely and offered their prayers and submitted their offerings in the temple. In doing so, they never forgot to pray on behalf of Gokul and his wife.

At night, in his dream, Vimal was directed to meet a certain yogi. Following the direction, the couple found out the yogi seated under a tree on the bank of the Ganga.

They told him of their desire as well as their friend's. "O sage! Lord has directed us to you. Please satisfy us and my



friend," said Vimal imploringly.

The yogi gave Vimal a dishful of rice-dust and asked his wife to share it with Gokul's wife. The couple thanked the yogi profusely and left for their home.

On their way they halted at Gokul's house and Vimal's wife and Gokul's wife shared the sacred rice-dust.

In due course the two women gave birth to two sons. Vimal named his son Viswanath, while Gokul's son was named Kashinath.

As they grew up these two boys seemed quite different from the other children of their age. If their mothers offered them

some very delicious sweet, they would refuse to have it. Instead, they would have their own choice of food which may be quite ordinary. They won't play with other children. Both studied well and soon shone as brilliant scholars.

Those who knew both the boys found out that they not only spoke alike or conducted themselves alike, but also thought alike. Once in a while the boys happened to meet each other. But they only smiled and hardly ever talked. If one of them asked why the other smiled, the other, instead of replying, would ask, "Why did you smile?"

Viswanath and Kashinath grew up to be young men. One day Viswanath saw an extremely beautiful girl by the side of a river. On inquiry he learnt that she was the daughter of a rich merchant of a nearby village. Viswanath met the merchant and proposed to marry his daughter. The merchant said that he had no objection to the proposal.

As chance would have it, Kashinath too happened to see the girl and proposed to the merchant to marry her. While he was still with the merchant, Viswanath reached there and



warned the merchant, saying, "You have already promised your daughter to me. Under no circumstance should you back out."

"All I had said was I had no objection to your proposal, just as I have no objection to Kashinath's proposal. I will marry my daughter to him who can find place as a scholar in the king's court," said the merchant.

Within six months both Viswanath and Kashinath succeeded in impressing the king with their scholarship and became courtiers. It so happened that they came to meet the merchant at the same time

"Now that both of you have become courtiers, I do not know whom to choose for my son-in-law. I think the one of you who can be promoted to the rank of a minister should win my daughter's hand," said the merchant.

In another six months both Viswanath and Kashinath, through their sincere work and sound advice, succeeded in becoming the king's ministers.

Again it so happened that both came to see the merchant at the same time.

"Well, well, whatever be my opinion of you, the final decision rests with my daughter. Let both of you sit in two different



rooms. Let me invite some gentlemen to stand witness and thus let my daughter choose her husband," said the merchant.

Viswanath and Kashinath entered two different rooms and awaited their luck with trepidation of heart. The merchant called several gentlemen to his house.

Thereafter happened something most unexpected so far as the two young men were concerned. The merchant's daughter entered Viswanath's room and garlanded him indicating her choice of him for her husband. Viswanath was delighted, but he felt sad too for the bad luck of Kashinath.

But when he came out of his room with his bride, he was bewildered to see Kashinath coming out of the other room, also garlanded and with a beauti-

ful bride by her side. Viswanath and Kashinath surveyed each other's brides and did not know the difference. They stood speechless and then both spoke out simultaneously, "Is this not a strange situation?"

"Look here, young men," said the merchant, "I had two daughters, not one. They were twins. Even their mother cannot say the difference easily. At different times you two might have seen both of them, but you had taken them as one. I had from the beginning decided to marry my two daughters to two of you. But if I would have opened my mind to you earlier, you would not be what you are today!"

There was great rejoicing amidst which Viswanath and Kashinath were married to the merchant's daughters.





THE NECKLACE

Subhas was a farmer. He had no much land, but he worked hard on whatever he had.

There was an excellent crop one season. Subhas stored enough rice for the consumption of his family and sold the rest. The outcome was an amount of five hundred rupees.

Subhas approached Madhav, the village goldsmith, and handed over the entire amount to him with the request that he make a nice necklace of pure gold. Subhas had promised a necklace to his wife, Surama, for a long time.

Madhav received the money with great joy. In a few days he produced the necklace. But he had made it with imitation gold. The material and his labour together should not have come to more than a hundred

rupees.

However, to distract his customer's attention from the material used, he had made the ornament with all the art at his command. Surama was delighted at its workmanship.

A week later, Lakshmi, Madhav's daughter, visited her parents' house. Surama was a dear friend of hers. Lakshmi was enamoured of Surama's new necklace. She pleaded with her father, "You must make a necklace for me like the one you have made for my friend, Surama. Take these gold bangles and make the necklace out of them."

Madhav had no other way than to make a necklace out of Lakshmi's gold bangles. Lakshmi was delighted. She went to Surama's house and

showed her the necklace. But when both the ornaments were put side by side, Lakshmi felt that Surama's was more beautiful than hers.

"Surama! Let us exchange our necklaces. If yours is more weighty than mine, I will pay the value of the surplus gold. But if mine is more weighty, you need not pay anything," proposed Lakshmi.

Surama loved Lakshmi dearly. She agreed to the proposal. Both came to Madhav's house. Madhav was not at home. His wife weighed the two necklaces and found Surama's to be heavier. Lakshmi gladly paid Surama the value of the surplus weight of gold and both exchanged their necklaces.

Next day Lakshmi returned to her husband's house. Her husband, Kumar, was a gold-

smith himself. It took him no time to find out that Lakshmi's necklace was made of cheap stuff. Sulking, he proceeded to meet his father-in-law carrying the necklace with him and demanded, "How could you give this stuff to Lakshmi for her precious bangles of pure gold?"

Madhav was taken aback. He could imagine what must have happened. But he could not confess that he had cheated Surama. He stammered out, "There has been an error. I will soon make another necklace for Lakshmi."

"You need not, sir. Give me the gold and I will make it myself," said Kumar.

Quietly did Madhav hand over the necessary gold. Nobody but himself knew about the rate at which his heart was then beating.





The Ghost in the Bottle

In a certain village lived two friends—Rahim and Hassan. Rahim was rash and reckless. No wonder that he often landed himself in great difficulties. But Hassan was a clever guy. He always came to his friend's rescue.

For a long time both the friends dreamed of growing rich and prosperous. They planned of going over to the town and setting up business. But such plans were nothing more than castles in the air. They had no money to invest.

One day a perfume-merchant was passing through their village. He came from a distant land and he was going to the town to sell his wares to the king.

While passing his night in the village he fell sick. Rahim and Hassan attended upon him and did their best to help him recover. But the merchant died after a few days.

"Rahim and Hassan served the merchant selflessly. Let them take the things the merchant had," said the villagers. The two friends were happy. They divided the merchant's stock of perfumes between them.

"I start for the town tomorrow. What is your plan?" asked Rahim.

"We should not go to the town at the same time. I will go after you are back," said Hassan.

On his way to the town Rahim





ghost.

"What is the need of sprinkling a little perfume on you? Why don't you make yourself small enough to creep into this bottle? You could take a dip in the perfume. Every ghost in the forest would be enamoured and jealous of you!" suggested Rahim.

"A dip in the perfume would be wonderful indeed!" said the ghost and she became smaller and smaller till she could enter the bottle.

But as soon as she had done so, Rahim put the cap on the bottle. The ghost remained shut up!

Rahim reached the town soon and spent his night in a roadside inn. In the morning he went to the palace and met the king and opened his box before him. The king was happy to see so many quality perfumes. His daughter's marriage was to take place shortly and he wanted her to take as many bottles of perfume as she wished and he called her out of her apartment.

Rahim was so much inspired to see the princess that he said, "The first bottle you pick up is yours, free!"

The princess, of course, did not seem to care for his offer.



but she picked up a bottle casually and opened it and raised it closer to her nose. The next moment she jumped up and laughed wildly and shouted, "What fun! I am going to marry! What fun indeed!"

The king and the others were puzzled at the princess' conduct. Soon the king grew angry with Rahim. He thought that Rahim had done some black magic to drive the princess mad.

Poor Rahim was thrown into the prison.

Next day Rahim sent a message to the king, urging for a meeting with him. His request was granted. He told the king all about the female ghost being shut up in the bottle. Then he said, "As the princess opened that very bottle, the ghost immediately took possession of her. It is not likely that the ghost would leave the princess as long as the princess is here. I propose, let me marry the princess. I will then take her with me into the forest and live there. When the ghost would find that the princess no more enjoyed the luxury of the palace, she would come out of her!"

The king trembled with fury. "You wretched fellow! This is



what you had in mind!" he shouted and passed order that Rahim be hanged.

However, as the hangman was on leave, the execution was delayed. In the meanwhile Rahim sent a letter to his friend, Hassan, who hurried to the town.

On meeting the king Hassan assured him that he would rid the princess of the ghost.

"I suppose, you must marry the princess for that!" the king said with a frown.

"My lord, I am a little more sensible than my friend. All I want is, the princess should be brought before me and nobody



should protest if I pass any strange order before her," said Hassan.

As soon as the princess was brought there, Hassan asked for a jar which should be big enough to contain a human being. The jar was brought. Hassan then said in a commanding voice, "Let the princess be thrown into this jar and let the jar be sealed!"

Instantly the princess swooned away. When she re-

covered, she was her old nice self. Needless to say, the ghost, afraid of being imprisoned again, had fled!

The king was delighted. He gave a handsome reward to Hassan. At Hassan's request, Rahim was pardoned.

Hassan set up a business, with Rahim as his partner. Although Rahim continued to throw himself into difficult situations, both prospered well.

This is to remind our readers that the entries they send either for the Photo-Caption Contest or the Story-Title Contest must be per post-card alone and not by any other means, envelope or inland letter card

Secondly, entries for the two competitions must come separately—not by the same post-card.

We will not be surprised if our judges consider the violation of these principles as disqualifications.

—Publisher



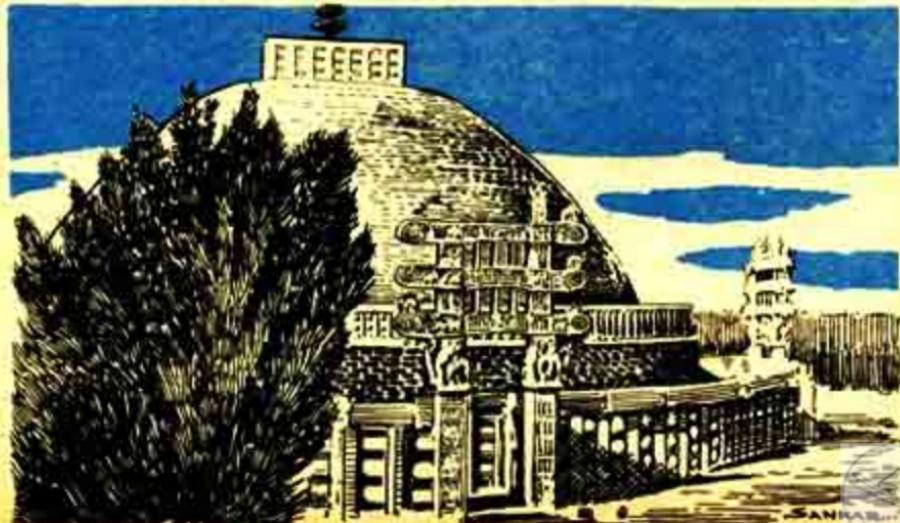
MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE GREAT STUPA OF SANCHI

The great Buddhist monument, the *Stupa*, at Sanchi, in Madhya Pradesh, is among the oldest buildings in India. Over 106 feet in diameter and 42 feet high, its construction had been begun by Emperor Ashoka.

Buddha is represented in this monument not by his image, but by a number of symbols like the lotus, the *peepal* tree, etc. The lion motif in India's national emblem is taken from the pillars erected by Ashoka here. The beautiful carvings on the four gateways depict aspects of Buddha's life.

It was from Sanchi that Mahendra, the son of Ashoka, had left for Sri Lanka with the message of Buddha.



LABOURS OF HERCULES

Hercules, the son of Zeus, was the greatest of Greek heroes. Oracles told him that if he served Eurystheus, the king of Mycenae, for twelve years, he will become immortal. Accordingly, he bound himself to the king's service. The king asked him to perform twelve most difficult and dangerous tasks. They were: To slay a terrible lion of the Nemean valley, (Hercules strangled it in his arms); to kill the Lernean hydra – a snake-like monster with nine heads; to catch the Arcadian stag; to kill the Erymanthian boar; to cleanse the stable of King Augeas; to destroy the cannibal birds of Lake Stymphalis; to capture the Cretan bull; to catch the horses of the Thracian Diomedes; to fetch the girdle of the queen of the Amazons; to capture the oxen of the monster Geryon; to fetch the apples of the Hesperides; to bring the three-headed dog, Cerberus, up from the infernal region.

Hercules accomplished these tasks through many adventures. Years later, about to die, he was carried to heaven where he dwells as one of the immortals.

"Labours of Hercules" and "Herculean Labour" mean formidable tasks and great and brave undertaking.





LET US KNOW

"Recently I read in a daily that it was not known whether Shakespeare was a man or a woman! We are eager to know the fact."

K. V. Sager, S. K. V. Sastry and K. Somesh, Alampur.

Your question reminds us of a joke. Once a scholar tried to prove that the plays of Shakespeare were in fact written by Queen Elizabeth I. "Do you really believe that a woman could write such stuff?" asked a listener. "I can also prove that Elizabeth I was not a woman!" pat came the speaker's reply.

So, you see, arguments can go to a fantastic extent to prove or disprove a theory. There have been great arguments about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. There is no doubt about William Shakespeare being a man! But those who argue that the plays were not written by him, put forth about 50 names—of men and women—as the real author (or the real 'Shakespeare')! Among them are Marlowe, Bacon, and Shakespeare's wife too!

No controversy in this regard would have ever arisen had Shakespeare mentioned of his plays in his will. But he did not, for some mysterious reason.

"What are the Adventures of Hercules?"

Abdul Rasheed, Mulbaged.

Please see the *Proverbs and Phrases* in this issue.

"I will like to know about the Sun temple of Konarak."

V. V. Nagamalleswara Sarma, Hyderabad.

Please see "Legends of India" in July 1976 issue of your magazine.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backlog of questions.)



CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandramama, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of July. A reward of Rs. 25-00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the September issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the photo-caption contest.)



Haridas and Samser were reputed misers and rivals of each other. Whenever one got a chance he offended the other.

Haridas was performing the funeral of his father. To show their sympathy and cooperation the villagers sent him sackfuls of vegetables which they had grown in their fields.

Samser had grown a number of fruits, but instead of sending any of them, he drew the picture of a pumkin on a piece of paper and asked his son to make a present of it to Haridas.

Haridas received the gift with a show of false gratefulness and asked his son to give something in return to Samser when the occasion would arise.

Next month Samser celebrated his daughter's marriage. Haridas's son bowed to him and said, "My father has sent this gift of a watermelon for you." While he said so, he showed the shape of an imaginary watermelon by the fingers of both his hands.

But when he reported it to his father, Haridas flared up and said, "Who asked you to use both your hands? Couldn't you use only one hand to show the shape of only half of a watermelon?"

Result of Story Title Contest held in May Issue

The prize is awarded to :

Ms. Sanjita Kani,

1035, 4th Block, 1st Main Road

Rajaji Nagar, BANGALORE - 560 010.

Winning Entry — 'BLUFF REBUFFED'



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. P. Sunderam



Mr. L. N. Grover

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions ? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th JULY.
- Winning captions will be announced in SEPTEMBER Issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to :

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026.**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in May Issue

The prize is awarded to :

Miss Dipti Sarker,

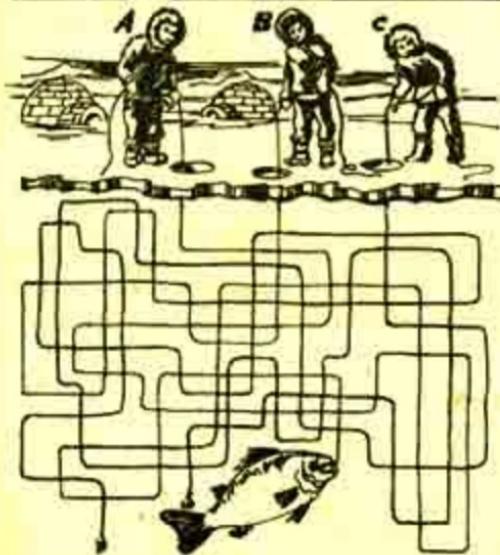
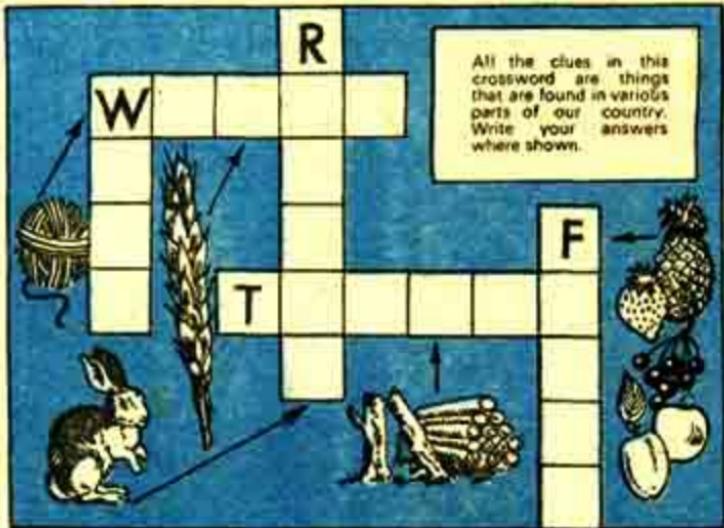
126 Picket,

SECUNDERABAD - 3. A.P.

Winning Entry - 'Destination in Sight' - 'Consternation in flight'



PUZZLE TIME



These three Eskimos are fishing through holes in the ice. Only one of them has caught a fish. Unravel the lines to find out which one.

CROSS: Wheat, Timber
DOWN: Wool, Rabbit, Fruit

ANSWERS

Who is He? Is He the real
Krishna?... Or an imitator?

Why has he come to you... Anand?



May be you're imagining?



Is it a dream or is that you yourself?



What really does He want
from you... Anand?



B. NAGI REDDI
places the camera
close to the inner mind
of a man in

Yehi Hai ZINDAGI

A CLOSE UP OF A MAN'S INSIDE—
THE CONFLICT WITHIN HIS SOUL AND HIS EXISTENCE



Director: K.S.SETHUMADHAVAN Dialogues: INDER RAJ ANAND
Lyrics: ANAND BHAKSHI Music: RAJESH ROSHAN



A FILM BY
STAR CINEPLEX PRODUCTIONS



PARLE Krackjack
the konversation opener

This sweet biscuit is terrific!

Yes...but it's salty!



Never
sold loose
- beware of
imitations.

Some say it's sweet.
Others swear it's salty.
All agree it's tasty,
tasty, tasty.

World Selection
Award Winner



PARLE

Krackjack - the one and only sweet and salty biscuit sensation.

